Isaiah at back.
M.H.P. Mar. 17. 1905

THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE CAMELEON.....No. VIII.

BY THOMAS FICKLE ESQ.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

——————Happy he
Whom what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestick oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with the remembrance of a present God.
COWPER.

Without diving with a philosophic eye into the recesses of nature, the most irresistible evidences of a divine architect are reflected from the most simple objects which present themselves.

Whether we contemplate the starry orbs,

" Pursue the comets where they farthest run,
" And bring them back obsequious to the sun,"

Or descend to this our globe, and examine the admirable conformity of the whole; or whether we enter into the bowels of the earth, and behold the rich mines of valuable metals, earths, spars and fossils of various kinds; or lastly, whether we examine the meanest of nature's animated beings, we cannot but be lost in amazement at the wonderful mechanism, the wisdom, goodness and mercy displayed in their formation. The existence of a God being sanctioned by such irrefragable evidence, how blind, nay, how perfectly stupid must he be who would attribute this exquisite workmanship to the fortuitous junction of atoms, the whirling of vortices, or the principle of elementary attractions. These affinities, however plausibly they may account for the formation of organised inanimate matter, certainly leave us perfectly in the dark as to the origin of life; for as the great Rousseau sensibly observes, " the chemist, with all his art in compounds, has never yet found *sensation* or *thought* at the bottom of his crucible." The proof, therefore, that the existence of a being who is the originator of mind and matter...of a being transcendant in wisdom and goodness, being so prominent in the features of surrounding nature, it is the duty of parents and tutors early to habituate their children and pupils to the contemplati-

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on of the harmonies, perfections and sublimities which momentarily croud upon the mind, disposed to behold nature with a feeling and sensible eye.

How amply does the traveller of taste expatiate on the beauties of nature...with what enthusiasm does he admire the tremendous cataract, the "cloud capt" mountains, the wild luxuriancy of the meadows, the rude impending rocks, and the bold majestick flow of an expanded river...these are the beauties and sublimities of nature...on these he dwells with rapturous delight, but, perhaps, without once reflecting that

"*Nature* is but a name for an *effect*
"Whose *cause* is *God.*"

When we raise our eyes to the bespangled vault of heaven, and behold myriads of shining spheres...when we reflect that most of these are globes like ours; peopled with inhabitants in pursuit of the same ends as we are...when we consider that many of these stars are but suns to other systems; and that these systems are, perhaps, but component parts of others, upon a still grander and more sublime scale, how noble is the thought...how useful is the lesson that may be deduced from it. We learn to consider ourselves but as a mite in the creation...it checks our pride, ennobles our ideas of the plans and views of the creator, and teaches us to be humble and virtuous. In descending in our contemplation from the vast expanse of the universe to the place of our own habitation...we cannot but be charmed with the harmonies, the admirable œconomy, and boundless profusion of blessings and conveniences every where displayed.

The first grand and sublime object which attracts our attention is, the boundless *Ocean.* Here we behold power in its *vastness,* wisdom in its *motions,* and goodness in its *contents.* Whether we see the surface as a polished speculum, reflecting the passing clouds, or view it in its wildest rage, rolling mountainous waves against each other, our souls dilate with awful sublimity, and involuntary ejaculations ascend to him who in wisdom bridles the angry billows and keeps them within their proper bounds.

In contemplating the vastness of the ocean, if we reflect that the smallest drop of water is computed to contain many thousand globules, what myriads must compose that grand mass which encompasses our globe! let the ablest *Newton* endeavour to compute the number...as well may he attempt to compress the ocean in a vial, or measure the universe with a span.

In the deep recesses of this watery empire, dwells the mighty *Leviathan.* Here the walrus and the whale pay him court, and myriads of the smaller race supply him with food. The ocean itself feels his weight, and the waves yield to his massy sides.

This vast expanse of water is the great reservoir from which the clouds are exhaled, to shelter us from the piercing beams of

the sun...to cool the atmosphere, and descend on our plains in genial dews and showers...from it proceeds our cooling fountains, the meandering stream, the majestick river and the tremendous cataract...these supply the vegetable world with their chief nutriment, and give to man that pabulum, without which life could not be sustained.

Let us next attend to the earth itself. We perceive it to be diversified with mountains, woods, hills and dales...with rocks, fountains, caverns, rivers and streams. These unevenesses, so far from being blemishes or defects, greatly heighten its beauty.

Here we see it rise in huge and massy mountains, whose rugged sides seem to defy ascent, much less cultivation. *There* it is scooped into extensive vales, covered with the richest verdure. To this succeeds a wide champaign country, ornamented with meadows...the varied coloured orchard...the golden harvest, and the contented cottage. At a greater distance, we perceive the mountains raise their aspiring peaks, and bordering our horizon like so many dark majestick clouds, their frozen summits attracting the moisture of the heavens, to pour them in genial dews upon the fertile vales below.

Let us enter the woods...here we behold the oak, the monarch of the forest...the elm, the pride of spring...the maple or sycamore, distilling its juices to supply us with sugar...the luxuriant verdure of the cedar, pine and hemlock...and the fair beech, offering its umbrageous boughs, whilst we make its polished bark the depositary and conservator of some favourite name.

What a pleasant retreat do the woods afford the beasts of the field from the inclemencies of the winter, or the scorching rays of a vertical sun. Here we see those vast plants receiving their chief nutriment from the moisture of the earth, supplied with refreshing showers from the heavens, and inhaling the air by their leaves from the surrounding atmosphere. These supply us with fuel for various uses...timber for our habitations, and serve us also as conveyances to distant climes to supply ourselves with the necessaries and luxuries of life, and convey ours to them.... Thus is it, that the various nations of the earth, by a social intercourse, become humanized...imbibe a fellow-feeling for each other, and view one another rather in the light of members of one large family, than as nations having no other relation than as beings inhabitants of the same globe.

If we view the ground we find it enamelled with flowers and shrubs of various sorts. These not only delight the eye by the richness of their colours, and greet the smell with their grateful odours, but serve as food both for man and other animals, and likewise furnish us with various drugs essential to the preservation of our health.

If we enter the orchard, what an ample demonstration of our creator's kindness have we here displayed ! we behold the trees

bending to the earth with their luxuriant burthens. Part of their mellow treasures quit their parent tree and afford a delicious food to the different animals which repose under their shade ...the little songsters of the wood perch on the boughs and take their welcomed portion of nature's bounty...nay, the flies, and very insects of the air are here supplied by their bounteous creator. Not only the trees and the fertile bosom of the earth, but the very atmosphere is impregnated with food for the animaculæ which inhabit it. In fact, the whole earth is a vast magazine from which we are supplied as our necessities require, for

"The holy power that clothes the senseless earth
"With woods, with fruits, with flowers and verdant grass,
"Whose bounteous hands feed the whole brute creation,
"Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us."

ROWE.

How extatic is it, when rising in the morning, renovated and refreshed by the balm of sleep to behold the beauties of the rising orb of dawn. Aurora comes with all her varied hues... Phœbus mounts triumphant in the east, whilst the lenient air, breathes the most delicious odours. The little feathered songsters concealed in their verdant abodes, delighted with smiling nature, pour forth their melody, borne on the gentle breeze to listening man. At a distance we behold the polished surface of a lake reflecting from her fair bosom the pendant trees which croud the margin...the fleecy mists, wafted from their parent waters to the mountains top, refract the ruddy beams of the rising sun, and present the most sublimely magnificent scene that can be imagined. The clouds as they gradually dissipate by the dissolving influence of the solar beams, assume the most fantastick shapes, whilst, according to their various densities, they reflect the light in all the vivid and charming colours of the rainbow. What a blind infatuation...what a perversion of judgment is it in those curious beings who travel from Abyla and Calpi, to the shores of the Pacific, to see and purchase at enormous prices, a happy imitation of nature's beauties, and are yet insensible to real beauties, and would rather remain in sluggard sleep than rise and contemplate a scene so far transcending the finest delineations of art. In the verdant meadow we hear the bleating of the flocks...the murmuring of the distant rill... the cooing of the solitary dove...the freshest exhalations of softened nature salute our smell...our eyes are delighted with myriads of wild flowrets

——————"Arrayed
"In all the colours of the flushing year,"

And hiding their beauteous blossoms in the surrounding verdure. These are scenes worthy philosophic contemplation... they are scenes which inspire love for the great author of their formation, and forcibly shew us how vastly nature exceeds the finest touches of the pencil of art.

Retiring from the growing influence of the sun to our chamber, we may here muse on the pleasures afforded us by our morning walk...we may contemplate nature in books...we may amuse ourselves in delineating her beauties on canvass, and as recollection brings them to our view, the rude sketches of the pencil, paint them more forcibly to our mind. These are, to be sure, secondary pleasures, but the ardent and impassioned admirer of nature is far from neglecting them.

When in "the western sky the downward sun
"Looks out effulgent from amid the flush
"Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam,"

we may once more sally forth to inhale the odours of the evening, and mark the progressive influence of the departing sun on the surrounding scenery. The melody of the groves is revived ...nature is re-animated from the burning influence of the sun... the ox and the plough-horse cease from their labours...and the honest farmer seated before his door

"Musing praise and looking lively gratitude,"

the toils of the day and enjoys the
wife, children and friendly neigh-
observe the harmless cows on the
ning in formal procession to pay their
to the industrious milk-maid, whilst others,
n their movements, luxuriously bathe their scorch-
he limpid waters, and lash with their flowing tails
gad flies.

y geese and waddling ducks return to their resting
ature assumes a calm and pleasing tranquillity, undis-
ve by the occasional screech of the solitary owl, and
ful notes of the lonely whippero'will.

this delightful period that the garden sends forth its
ful odours...the evening zephyrs carry on their wings
cented Callicanthus...the perfumes of the carnation
and the exhilirating odours of the varied coloured Polianthus.

The botanist wanders from bed to bed, contemplating their beauties, their relationship to each other, and arranging them according to their class and order. He reviews them with an eye which discovers a croud of beauties of which the person ignorant of this charming science is totally unacquainted.

The vegetable physiologist contemplates them as distinguished by sex...investigates their faculties of perception...observes their modes of propagation and fecundation...marks their different ways of inspiration and expiration...their diseases, both contagious and infectious...sees them liable to hunger and thirst... and lastly, views them gradually destroyed by age, and yielding to that monarch to which all nature pays the tribute.

Let us quit the garden, and pay a moonlight visit to a neighbouring water-fall. In this delightful spot has sportive nature

combined every thing that is pleasing to the eye, or that is in any way calculated to inspire sublimity of emotion...the wild rurality of the scene...the roaring of the waters...the echoed responses from the surrounding rocks, all conspire to delight the beholder. The massy rocks, rudely suspending their naked heads over the rushing waters...the white foaming surges mixing their troubled waves with the lucid stream which flows on with majestick dignity below.... added to the sombre appearance of the encompassing rocks, form a picture highly sublime and beautiful, on which the eye delights to dwell. Sublimity awakens the soul, calls it into action, and fills it with sensibilities the most lively, perceptible and pleasing. Scenes of this kind display the true picturesque, for here is a happy combination of beauty and sublimity, the latter of which never makes a scene picturesque. Landscapes which raise no sublime emotions, are often called picturesque, and this, no doubt, with propriety...but when sublimity is united with beauty, the effect is the genuine picturesque...a massy rock...a grand mountain, or a tremendous cascade, are not said to be picturesque, but it is the beauty of the trees, shrubbery, &c. their *position, figure* and *colour*, united with the sublimity, which gives it this species of beauty.

There is no country, perhaps, in the world, where nature has been so lavish of her beauties as in America...and few, perhaps, which present so many interesting subjects to the intelligent traveller. True, we have no lofty spires, no venerable ruins, no dilapidated castles...but nature presents herself in her primitive garb...in her native grandeur. Why, therefore, should our travelled gentlemen expatiate with so much enthusiasm on the sublime and picturesque beauties of Switzerland, Scotland, and the confines of Germany, while their own country can boast of more attractive scenery? The answer, I am afraid, is too obvious.... They leave their native shores to visit foreign ones, before they have ever exceeded a thirty miles journey from their natal habitation...and often, long before they have laid up a store of marketable commodities (I mean ideas) which they may give in exchange for those they receive from foreigners.

What is more sublime than the highlands of the north river... what more awfully tremendous than the cataract of Niagara... what more romantic than the vale of Lebanon...what can surpass the solemn and majestick gloom of the surrounding mountains... the pensive and soothing silence of the groves...the pastoral simplicity of the cottagers...or the wild luxuriancy of the meadows. How pleasing is it to contemplate that noble spirit of perseverance, which has enabled the laborious husbandman to climb the loftiest mountains, and change the rude garb of nature for the rich habiliments of cultivation...how pleasing is it to behold the verdant hills rising amphitheatrically around...to observe the progressive influence of the departing sun on the distant mountains,

or the bright orb of day rising in the pride of his splendour, gilding them with his ruddy light, and chasing the fogs fantastically formed from their lofty tops! But here I must, in complaisance to my readers, drop my pen. I feel conscious that I have already prolonged this essay to an uninteresting length... but we are not always judges how far to go and where to stop.

EUGENIO.

N. B. Since these observations on the beauties of nature were written, I was not a little astonished to find my conclusive remarks perfectly similar to a few observations on American scenery which appeared in the Port Folio of the 27th May, 1807. Lest you should think me guilty of literary peculation, I think it proper to explain to you, that in a letter to a friend of mine in Schenectady, was contained these, with other reflections on American scenery. He did me the honor, though entirely repugnant to my wishes, of sending an extract of my letter to the Pastime, a periodical paper published in Schenectady, from which Mr. Denny did me the further compliment of publishing it in the Port Folio. EUGENIO.

Mrs. Beatrice Ironside.

For the Observer.

.....

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES.

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

Continued from Vol. 1, p. 408,)

The number of insects that prey upon other animals, besides the ichneumon, are numerous, and probably extend much further than has hitherto reached the eye of the most accurate observers. The tribe libellula, or dragon fly, is very conspicuous. They are ravenous, and are generally seen hovering over stagnant waters. The larva are six footed, active inhabitants of the water; and feed with the most rapacious ferocity on aquatic insects and the larva of others.

The hemerobius tribe, in every state of their existence, prey with unceasing avidity, on the pucerons, or plant-lice. The larva are six footed, generally ovate and hairy. The eggs are deposited in clusters on the leaves of plants, each placed on a small gummy pedicle. They are, as observed of some others, so situated, as to have, within their immediate reach, multitudes of pucerons, on which the larva feed as soon as they escape from the egg.

The myrmeleon, or ant-lion, devours with the most savage ferocity, ants and lesser insects...and for the purpose of ensnaring them, sinks itself into the sand, and forms a kind of funnel or pit in which it lies buried, the head only appearing above the sand; ...in this hollow, such insects as wander near it are sure to fall,

and not being able to crawl up the sides of the loose sand, are seized and demolished by their unfeeling murderers. But if the sides of the pit do not give way, or the unlucky insect appears to be able to make its escape, its merciless enemy, by throwing up with its head repeated showers of sand, forces it down, when it is instantly dispatched. It must be allowed that in the exercise of this power, distributive justice is manifested. The ant-lion becomes the avenger of the multitude of flies that are hourly the victims of the ants, not less insidious nor ferocious than those by whom they are similarly ensnared.

The operations of the Tenthredo, or saw-fly, are curious. The female is furnished with an instrument by which she saws, and removes pieces of the twigs or buds of trees, and deposites her eggs in the vacant spaces. They feed upon the leaves of several plants.

The larva of the family of sirex, or tailed wasp, perforate wood, as has been seen of the ichneumon manifestator, and eat their way into the bowels of other insects and their offspring, thus living at the expence of life.

The progeny of sphex is the most rapacious and unrelenting of this species of beings. They attack whatever comes in their way, and by means of their poisonous sting first disable and then destroy others far exceeding their own size. The larva are always found in the bodies of other insects. It would be endless to trace the innumerable depredators on vegetable and animal life; all necessary to curb the tendency to excess stamped on every thing possessed of the vital principle. The genus of œstros, as attacking animals with whom we are more familiar, and who more nearly resemble ourselves in their structure, must be increasingly interesting.

The following is extracted from Mr. Bracy Clark's communication in the third volume of the Linnæn Transactions, p. 289. I shall premise the account of this teazing animal with the description given of it in Turton's Linnæus, vol. 3, p. 581.

Order Diptera. Wings two, under each of which is a clavate poiser, with its appropriate scale. Mouth with a simple aperture and not exserted; feelers two, of two articulations, orbicular at the tip and seated at each side in a depression of the mouth: Antennæ of three articulations, the last subglobular and furnished with a bristle on the forepart placed in two hollows on the front; name in English, gad fly.

The face of this singular genus is broad, depressed, vesicular and glaucous, and has some sort of resemblance to the Ape kind. They are extremely troublesome to horses, sheep and cattle, depositing their eggs in different parts of the body, and producing painful tumors and sometimes death. The larva are without feet, short, thick, soft and annulate, and often furnished with small hooks.

The pain the œstri inflict on the animals that are subject to

them particularly entitles them to our notice, and more especially as those are such as are most useful for our domestick purposes. By their continual attacks, these small, yet formidable enemies interrupt the few moments of repose allowed to these useful slaves during the summer months. Nor do their sufferings end here: their larva, by remaining in them, are always a cause of disease, and frequently of death. These circumstances render the investigation of their natural history an object of some importance; and the extraordinary means they pursue in depositing their eggs, the situations inhabited by their larva, and the very high temperament to which they are exposed render their history interesting from its singularity.

The obscure situation of the œstri in their larva state has been a principal cause of their history being less understood than that of many other insects. This inaccessible retreat, and the impossibility of successfully imitating by artificial means their mode of life when removed, have rendered them scarce and in their fly state they are not often seen, nor easily taken. This difficulty will be, in a considerable degree removed, when their history and the most proper time for obtaining them are described.

The obscure and singular habitations of the œstri are the stomach and intestines of the horse, the frontat and maxillary sinuses of the sheep, and beneath the skin of the back of horned cattle. There are perhaps no species of the red blooded animals that are exempt from their depredations. The present enquiry is limited to the observations the author made in England.

The Œstrus Bovis, in its perfect state is the largest of the European species of this genus, and is very beautiful. Although its effects on the cattle have been so often remarked, yet the fly itself is rarely seen and seldom taken, as the attempt would be attended with considerable danger. When one of the cattle is attacked by this fly, it is easily known by the extreme terrour and agitation of the whole herd: the unfortunate object of the attack runs bellowing from among them to some distant part of the heath, or the nearest water, while the tail, from the severity of the pain, is held with a tremulous motion straight from the body in the direction of the spine, and the head and the neck are also stretched out to the utmost. The rest, from fear generally follow to the water, or disperse to different parts of the field.

The female fly is very quick in performing the operation of depositing its egg: she does not appear to remain on the back of the animal more than a few seconds. It is very remarkable that excessive terrour has the effect of inducing the animal to extend its tail in the manner described, which is thus prevented from lashing the part on which the fly alights, and which might

frustrate the design, an effect it produces with respect to almost every other kind of fly that proves troublesome. Whilst by this œconomy the insect is not debarred from availing itself of a proper nidus for its offspring, other means are provided for restraining the excess of its efforts. The whole of this genus of insects appear to have a strong dislike to moisture, since the animals find a secure refuge when they get into a pond or a brook, where other flies follow without hesitation, but the œstri rarely or never, and during cold, rainy or windy weather they are not to be seen.

The larva of this insect are mostly known among the country people by the name of *Wornuls, Wormuls,* or *Worbles,* or more properly Bots.

It lives beneath the skin, being situated between it and the cellular membrane, in a proper sack or *abcess,* which is rather larger than the insect, and by narrowing upwards opens externally to the air by a small aperture. When young the larva is smooth, white and transparent : as it enlarges it becomes browner, and finally of a dark brown colour. It is furnished with hooks attached to different parts of the body which probably serve as legs, for the purposes of motion. By these it is enabled to creep about in the abcess, and to crawl out when ripe : The irritation occasioned by this motion induces a plentiful secretion of pus properly prepared for the nutrition of the insect. The larva having arrived at its full growth, effects its escape from the abcess, by pressing against the external opening which occasions its enlargement and writhing itself through, falls from the back of the animal to the ground, and seeking a convenient retreat, becomes a chrysalis. In making its exit, it is exposed to imminent danger, if on land, of being trod on by the cattle, or picked up by birds ; if in the water they perish.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE'S BUDGET.

.....

"On me when dunces are satirick
"I take it for a panegyric."

Nothing in nature is so easy as to substitute abuse and personalities for argument. But why do I say argument ? Is it possible to advance reasons against *facts* which belong to the nature of things, and of things evident and known to all the world. The analysis I had made in my last budget of a letter signed *An American* which had appeared in the Federal Gazette, might serve as an ample reply to the virulent attack of C. a *Grub-street* critic, who has honoured me with his notice. But the stormy indignation of this exasperated hero is so pleasant, I cannot re-

sist giving it a moments attention. Were I to consider merely the style and logic of this article, I should certainly deem it beneath reply...but recollecting that there are no *little* enemies.. that the seed tick for instance, is not the less mischievous, because it is imperceptible...and that insolence and vulgarity, may, by some readers, be mistaken for truth and reason, I shall defend myself against the redoubtable C.

This personage appears, indeed, disposed to consent that we should have amongst us literary works, whose object should be to ameliorate the present state of taste...but he chuses that it should be in flattering and cherishing the errours of our day ! Such a mode of amelioration is gentle it is true...but can it be efficacious? This, I believe, no one will attempt to assert. It is *ridicule* alone that corrects mankind, because self-love speaks much more forcibly to the mind, than either right or reason. Banish criticism, satire and raillery, there will be no longer any salt in society...no longer will absurdities or follies be reformed...The history of letters is the testimony of this truth.

But why do I stop here ? Can persons of any sense or information hold a different opiuion, and can ignorant fanatics comprehend this? Surely not. I have already lost too much time, in reasoning with those incapable of reason.

It will be more amusing to attend to the simplicity with which C. understands *literally* what I said of the cymbals and kettle-drum at the concert in question...his innocence is diverting, for I do believe in this, he has sinned without malice.

He does me the honour of attributing to me as much sagacity and penetration as he himself possesses (which is no small quantum) when he storms against me for having said that instead of kettle-drums, cymbals and triangles; there were only *kettles and tongs !* What a pity this critic would not dispose of his wit by weight...his fortune would be speedily made ! He gravely and positively certifies that they were *real* kettle-drums, *real* cymbals, and *real* triangles ; and he raves at my stupidity for having mistaken these instruments for *kettles and tongs !* Completely to confound me, he gives the genealogical history of the kettle-drums...they were made in *Germany* itself, says he, and brought here by Mr. Carr. Let not this be mistaken for metaphor...the candour and good faith of the author are painted in the precision of his expressions.

But all these learned researches, however, do not render these bad instruments better. For I assert as a fact, that one of the kettle-drums being *cracked*, it could not be in *tune*...and that tho' they should even have had the honour of being used at the battles of Austerlitz or Jena, they were not the less horribly discordant at the concert in Baltimore.

The cymbals, also, might have been brought from Germany... for bad merchandize is found every where...and it is nevertheless true, that far from sending forth the silvery sounds that so

harmoniously play on the ear from *real* cymbals, one might have taken their sounds for the clattering of barber's basons, that some one in a corner of the orchestra amused himself with gingling, for the purpose of calling a swarm of bees together.

However, I leave C. with his cherished instruments, and return where he says with the taste and oratorical elegance which mark his style, that the Observer made a *clumsy attempt to eulogise* Mr. Gillingham, Neninnger, &c. Ah ! why did not the eloquent C. give me a lesson, so that I might have learnt to express myself less awkwardly ? His praises would doubtless have been very differently delicate...very differently attic ! ! !

But C. more particularly shines in his knowledge of the fine arts, in his musical discernment....Thus, without any pedantry, he boldly declares that no *military march* was executed at the concert in question.

If this assertion is *positive*, it is not the less absurd. I would ask him, for instance, what are the Marseillois hymn and Ca-ira, and unless he thinks proper to aver that there was not any concert at all, will he deny that the last symphony played, was the *Marseillois and Ca-ari, with their diverse variations*. Did this censor, perchance, mistake these *military* marches for the lamentations of Jeremiah.

Alas ! poor Beatrice ; bitterly are you assailed by the *sapient* clamours, and blazing philippicks of these modern Demosthenes ? what shall she do to escape from this phalanx of critickes ? must she bend the knee to all that surround her ? if this is all I will capitulate, for I too as well as C. am pacifick. Must I admire our incontestible excellence and sublimity in every way ? well then I will chaunt my recantation.

Yes, Baltimore is greater than Athens and the federal City than Rome. Our edifices, our baths, our publick gardens are delightful. What statues are more magnificent than those which adorn our squares ? St. Peters at Rome, is nothing in comparison with our court house ; our museums are astonishing, rich, and magnificent...In fact we are more than ever was, we surpass all that is, we are now greater then we *ever shall be.* Is this enough ? or shall I praise the *yellow fever* too ; for this is also a production of the Country ; and why should we be less patriotick in this respect than the Neapolitans who so fondly cherish their Vesuvius, which every moment threatens to overwhelm them, or the Laplanders, their smoaky dens and rough and unpitying climate.

I must confess, however, that in my quality of *woman*, the curiosity which this incognito champion who has presented himself in the lists with his vizor down, has excited, troubles me not a little.

Who then can this great C... be,
It is not *Cæsar*, for he does not seem much to love war !
It is not *Calchas*, for indeed he is no *conjuror*.

It is not *Callot*, oh no his caricatures are too flat.

It is not *Cato*, for he would proscribe criticism.

It cannot be *Cyrus*, for Cyrus according to *Pedants* signifies Sun; and we cannot accuse the C. in question of bearing any resemblance to Apollo or any of his court.

It surely is not *Cupid*! He has so little gallantry! he is so crabbid that no God could be made of such materials unless, indeed, it should be the deformed and laughable Vulcan.

It is not *Corregio*, for his pencil, so far from being that of the graces, would frighten them with its rudeness.

Is it then *Cain* or *Caiphus*...of whom one murdered his brother against whom he had *no cause of complaint*, and the other condemned innocence and truth itself to death, as *blasphemy and sedition*...Ah! this is something like our *denunciator*.

Is it *Cotin...the Abbé Cotin!* that miserable scribbler of the 17th century, whose impotent rage, rhapsody and folly, the indignation of Boileau has immortalized? Hah! this approaches very near...but the truth is, the subject is beneath conjecture.

I shall here terminate these observations, and most sincerely do I hope that there are not many such "*daubers of paper*" in our territory. For any country in the world where a sufficient number of persons could be found who might rail against good sense and be applauded; who might intrepidly violate decency by opposing *invective* to the opinion of those who seek to promote the honour of the country, in stimulating its inhabitants to that emulation and those generous ideas which contribute to form great men and great nations; might be certainly called the *Siberia* of all politeness, and the grave of all hopes of speedy national amelioration and glory.

For the Observer.

The return of the day sacred to patriotism and freedom awakens a thousand noble recollections, and must add new fires to that enthusiasm which I trust glows with its wonted vigour in every American breast. On this day, our hearts ought to swell with a delicious pride, in remembering that we are, perhaps, the only people on earth who live under a government subject to no controul but that of law...no power but that of reason...and whose first and dearest object is the nation's welfare. Here peace, and the bounteous goddess that follows in her train spread the smiles of prosperity over the land. Here science, winging her eagle flight to heaven, has already given hopeful promises of future greatness...and our dawn which has opened with a soft and beauteous light, is rapidly advancing to a meridian of bright and glorious effulgence. It is pleasant on the peaceful shores of America, while the wide-spreading flames of desolation and war, rage over the fairest portion of the globe, to stand aloof from the dan-

gers of the contest, and hear the din of battle roar around, like the shepherd, who from some promontery's brow surveys the tumultuous agitation of the deep, while he views the savage fury of the storm, and hears the agonising shrieks of the shipwrecked mariner, drops a tear at his unhappy fate, and exults in his own security. On this day, the memory of our departed heroes' spirits, should fill our hearts with divinest rapture. Illustrious men! your virtues still live, embalmed by the affections of your countrymen. On your blood was laid the immortal base of a republic, whose towers, girted with majesty and might, shall rear their proud battlements to heaven and overlook the nations of the earth.

AN AMERICAN.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

July, 1776, the event of which this day is the anniversary, finds its memento in the breast of every American. We trust that all hearts will glow with courage for the defence of the independence so nobly won, and that every circling year will bring an increase to the happiness, and new wreaths to the glory of Columbia.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"D." "Amort," "Somnus," "Adolascens," have been received and will be attended to.

Frederick, Laura, Philo Naturæ, Julius,

"Names worthy to be inscribed in the choir of Apollo,"

have you quite forgotten us?

We regret that so much of our paper is taken up in replying to C....but for *once* we thought an answer adviseable. We now leave the whole tribe of vulgar, illiterate and ignorant scribblers to reap all the honours to be obtained by the approbation of such readers as can admire them.

"On me when dunces are satirick
"I take it for a panegyrick."

To speak of more interesting matters.

Some time ago, several judicious persons expressed to us a desire that a *military memorial* which they had seen, should be translated and given to the consideration of the government, as they deemed it of great importance to the country. It is almost unnecessary to observe to the inhabitants of Baltimore, that its author is a *military stranger* whom the course of events has cast upon America.

The intention of this gentleman was to dedicate the piece of which we speak, to congress...but circumstances not appearing then proper to its production he changed this determination.

At present, the events of the moment justifying too amply the ideas which he has developed in this memorial, some persons of his acquaintance have again pressed him to give it to the public.

It is our purpose to translate it with the utmost expedition, and until it is completed, we will give in the Observer such parts of it as can be extracted.

Its object is, to consider the best mode of defence for the U States... Our magistrates and enlightened fellow-citizens, will decide on the logical and political part of this memorial, which at this juncture is of such importance to every true American : we confine ourselves to observing, that it is impossible to write on such a subject with more elegance, precision, and simplicity...nor in a style more adapted to the comprehension of those, who are not versed in the art of war.

The work undoubtedly merits the attention of the government ; and, under this impression, it is in translating it with the utmost speed, we shall best prove our regard to the country, and reply to the base calumnies which have been insinuated against us.

Mrs. Beatrice, whilst so engaged, lays a claim upon her *patriotic* correspondents for their best exertions to embellish the Observer.

A series of papers, addressed more particularly to the mothers and daughters of Baltimore, must be, in consequence of this engagement, delayed for some weeks, when we hope to offer them some reflections, that may, in a degree, be found useful and interesting.

BULLETIN OF FASHION FOR MAY.

An evening, or ball dress.—A round dress of soft white satin, with short train, slashed sleeve, and square bosom, made to fit close to the form ; embroidered round the bottom and bosom with a delicate border in silver. The shawl drapery, formed of a large square of pink patent net, embroidered in correspondent border of silver ; which, by crossing the back, and being confined with a broach on the left shoulder, forms the tunic drapery, (now so much in esteem) by the aid of a single pin only. Silver cord and tassels, suspended from one side of the figure. Large diamond broach in the centre of the bosom, continued in a chain to the bottom of the waist. Drawn tucker of Mechlin lace.... Hair in dishevelled curls on the crown of the head, flowing in ringlets towards the left ear. Bandeau of diamonds finished in the centre in the form of cockle-shell...Ear rings of a similar form ; armlets and bracelets of blended pearl and hair. Pink satin shoes, trimmed with silver fringe. White kid gloves, rucked.

Walking or carriage costume.... A French coat of imperial satin, or twill sarsnet, of a lavender blossom, or light blue colour, bor-

dered at the wrist and entirely round the coat, with a brocade ribband of the shaded jonquille colour. A plain walking dress of the finest French cambric, or jaconet muslin, scolloped at the feet in the form of shells; two rows of open hems, or work, at regular distances, immediately above it. Habit shirt of similar material, let in with rich point lace in front, with treble high collars of lace and embroidery. A small broach of bright amber confines the shirt at the throat, and one of a larger size ornaments the gown in the centre of the bosom. A sash, the colour of the coat, tied immediately in front. Indian turban cap, or bonnet of correspondent materials, worn generally with a veil of Brussels lace. Hair cropt behind, and in simple curls in front. White sarsenet parasol, with Vandyke floss fringe. York tan gloves, and kid shoes, the colour of the coat.

General Observations....The smiles and sunshine of spring have within these few days, discarded some of the wintry habliments of the fair Pedestrians; but its influence has not yet extended to the evening circles of fashion, where white satin dresses, and velvet of various colours, still hold the most prevailing sway.... Coloured muslins are no less prevailing in the evening parties, and *ton*, which so lately displayed the hair in Grecian beauty, repressing its luxuriance with *bandeaux*. Combs, now capriciously, again introduce the turban, composed of the same materials as the robe, or of silver or gold tissues. In the most distinguished circles, some ladies of rank have introduced a new description of Indian turban, composed of a species of old gauze, relieved with alternate narrow rose-coloured stripes, and ornamented at the edge with a very rich and deep interwoven gold fringe.

[The following description of a landscape, overshadowed by a thunder storm, from Chatterton, is picturesque and beautiful beyond description.

"The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in dread-array,
A heap of clouds, of sable, sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnes festive face;
And the black tempest swell'd and gather'd up apace.

. . . . . .

The gather'd storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming *ghastness* doth the cattle 'pal;
And the full flockes are driving o'er the plain.
Dash'd from the clouds the waters fly again,
The welkin opes, the yellow levin flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashing dies."